

# Ballad Of a Rebel

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Summary: Leonard Persch is a new and young rebel who has recently been garrisoned at White Forest Fortification, a small stronghold of rebels within The Outlands. He meets rebels throughout the camp, and has a fair share of experiences. He is set on to making a name for himself, and not to be just a useless rebel.

## 1. White Forest Fortification

**\*\*Ballad of a Rebel\*\***

### Chapter 1: White Forest Fortification

There was a distinct sound of crows cawing, engines revving, hammering upon metal, and conversations between men and woman at the White Forest Fortification. Leonard Persch was comforting himself with a cigarette while he was sitting on a boulder looking over the valley with an old hunting rifle. He was a short and lean young man, with black eyes, and a stubble that started to surface not too long ago. His face had high cheekbones and a pointy chin, almost elfish. He had golden brown hair, combed neatly into a flattop (with help of hair gel). He sported a cheap blue denim jacket with a yellow lambda insignia spray-painted on the shoulder, blue roughed up jeans, and black leather gloves. In times like these, nobody could afford luxury clothing, but if it could keep him warm, it was good enough for Leonard. He inhaled the smoke of the nicotine, and after a brief pause, exhaled it into a neat ring of smoke, that flew away to where the wind blew.

Leonard heard the rustle of leaves, distant at first but seemed to sound closer and closer until he turned around. He saw his superior soldier, Captain Ronald, a stiff and disciplined middle age man with a slowly graying but well groomed beard, who roared "What the hell is that in your hand private?!" Persch hastily lifted up his rifle and replied "My weapon sir!" "The other hand numbnuts,!" The captain yelled. "Just a cig sir" Leonard announced with fear. The captain walked with a stern posture to Leonard and took the cigarette out of

his hand. He looked with disgust at it. "And what did I tell you about smoking on the watch?" he asked with his pearly white teeth clenched. "Save it for R&R sir." Leonard answered. Captain Ronald hurled the cigarette at the floor and stomped on it while yelling "Don't ever let me catch you smoking on watch again you worthless excuse for life! You should have been left as a combine slave! Now go back to base and clean the toilets! Your shift is finished!"

Leonard hopped of the boulder with his rifle, and lumbered to the fort. He passed by other rebels like him laughing at him, some simply looking him. One of them, a stocky and egotistical rebel with short blond hair warned Leonard "I left you a present in stall number 2, you might want to put on a gas mask 'fore you go in there" as he walked along with his posse of rebels. Leonard just murmured an insult to the rebel. Leonard went to the revolting and dark bathroom with homemade cleaning solution, and a roll of towels. He accepted his fate, opened his first stall, went on his knees, and went through the rancid process, one scrub at a time.

As Leonard finished the painstaking cleansing of the last toilet, he walked outside and realized he is late to lunch. He hurriedly threw out the used towels into the dump, and stored the supplies back into the storehouse. He speedily jogged to the mess hall when the distant blasts of a weapon rang out from the direction of the valley, following the flapping of birds. Leonard hasn't heard many shots in his time serving at White Forest Fortification, but in the moment that the sound registered in his mind, he instantly knew that it could not have been a weapon that the rebels had in the armory.

To be continued?

## 2. The Trail

### Chapter 2: The Trail

Leonard was gripped his rifle with confidence, and bolt out to the source of the piercing sound. He was going to be the first to be there, to show them that he was no ordinary rebel. He will prove himself as capable, mighty, and brave. As he arrived closer and closer, Leonard heard what he counted to be 3 gunshots, from a less powerful arm. The darkness has reached the White Forest, and the sun has set, the moon following to rise. Leonard traversed the trail, and then he heard voices; the voices of men. To Leonard, they were inaudible over his gasping and heartbeats from his over-exertion.

Suddenly, Leonard could see light, a reassuring image indeed. That was, until the voices became clearer. They were panicked, and there were three or four of them. "Oh, fuck oh fuck oh fuck!" a young but foul mouth babbled in fear. "The motherfuckers got him!" a grittier deep voice exclaimed. A familiar voice started pleading, "Help me you sons of bitches! Don't leave me here!" Leonard followed the light and saw three flashlights illuminating the brush, where three men were collected. One of them was lying on the floor and the other two were sitting next to him. The man lying on the floor happened to be the same to leave Leonard a gift for him in the stall. Another man was a familiar face in the base; however Leonard never knew his name. The man was tanned and had white hair. He was big, but pudgy, and wore a

green jacket with a huge gray backpack slung over to his side. The man on the opposite side had short, almost bald, black hair, and seemed to be of Asian ethnicity. He wore a black leather vest and a dirty white tee-shirt under it, and the young man was lean as well.

Leonard ran over to the trio, and then saw why the man was lying down. He had a gash in his stomach, with blood gushing from the wound. It was a gruesome sight to behold, and Leonard felt sick to his stomach, almost on the verge of throwing up. "What the fuck happened here?" Leonard shrieked in terror. The two men acknowledged Persch, and the large man informed Leonard about an attack against them. "We were walking back from the watch to get back to the mess hall, and out of goddamn nowhere, we were ambushed by a lone patrolling Combine soldier. He, or whatever it was, wasn't too good of a shot to kill all of us, but he damn well got Carson." The young man was holding his hands over the gory laceration. "We can't stand around here and fucking talk! Grab him by his feet and let's go!" He sneered to the aging man. "You might want to pick up Carson's weapon and bring some of the supplies from the soldier too." He requested while he pointed towards the limp soldier.

Leonard regained his wits from the traumatizing scene as the two men carried Carson towards the trail back to base. Leonard quickly snatched up the small pistol, used by the CP, and stuffed it in the pocket of his jacket, then reached out for the illuminating flashlight, with a small amount of blood splatter on the lenses/ Leonard saw it carried by the Civil Protection units in his city, but those were the times before he was taken into the arms by the rebel movement. He looked to his right, and saw the dead combine where it was pointed to. The soldier wore a mostly navy blue uniform, with shades of light blue. The bright yellow Combine insignia was patched onto the right shoulder. On its helmet, there was 1 bullet hole, but a there was little blood, another bullet hole was on its thigh, with blood, but not much compared to a human. The reason for the combine to look like he was just grazed is beyond Leonard's knowledge. He saw an alien gun, or at least something that was unearthly compared to the technology of humans, was gripped lightly by the corpse. He pulled it out with little resistance, and analyzed it. On the side it read "\_Overwatch Standard Issue Pulse Rifle Serial No.\_ 203041".

Along with the body, he also finds a fragmentation grenade, devastating to those who are in the range of the explosion. He puts that in his the right pocket, opposite to the side of that which contains Carson's pistol.

With the newly found weaponry, Leonard follows the trail back to White Forest Fortification. He feels like he finally contributed to the rebellion, even though his contribution was just carrying two weapons back to the base. As he walks on the trail, leaves are crumbling beneath his feet, and crickets are chirping. Persch looked upwards towards the starry night sky. The lone rebel thought to himself while smiling, "You can actually see the stars outside the city, it isn't a bad change."

End  
file.